

MODERN COMICS

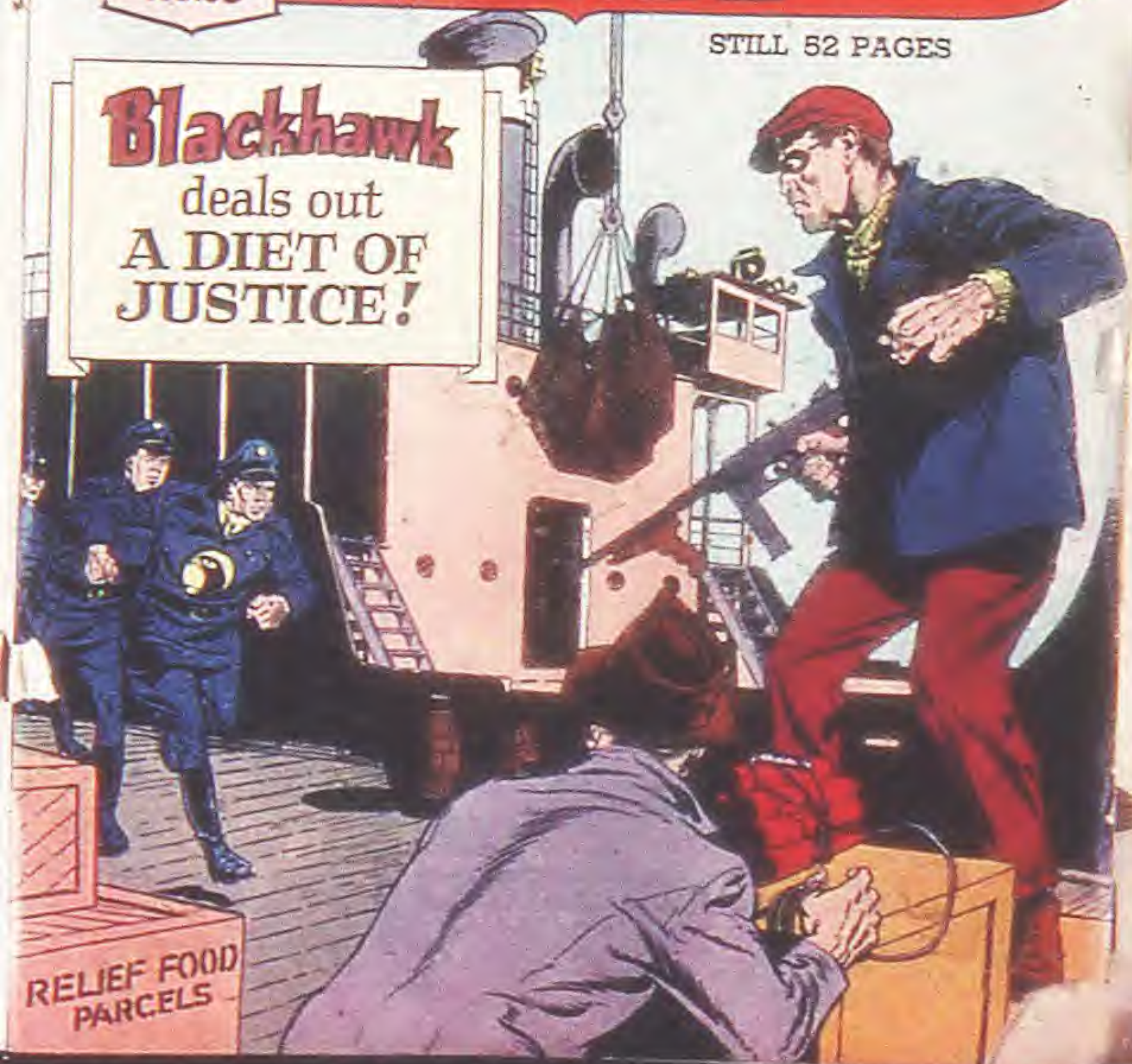
MARCH
No.83

10¢

STILL 52 PAGES

Blackhawk

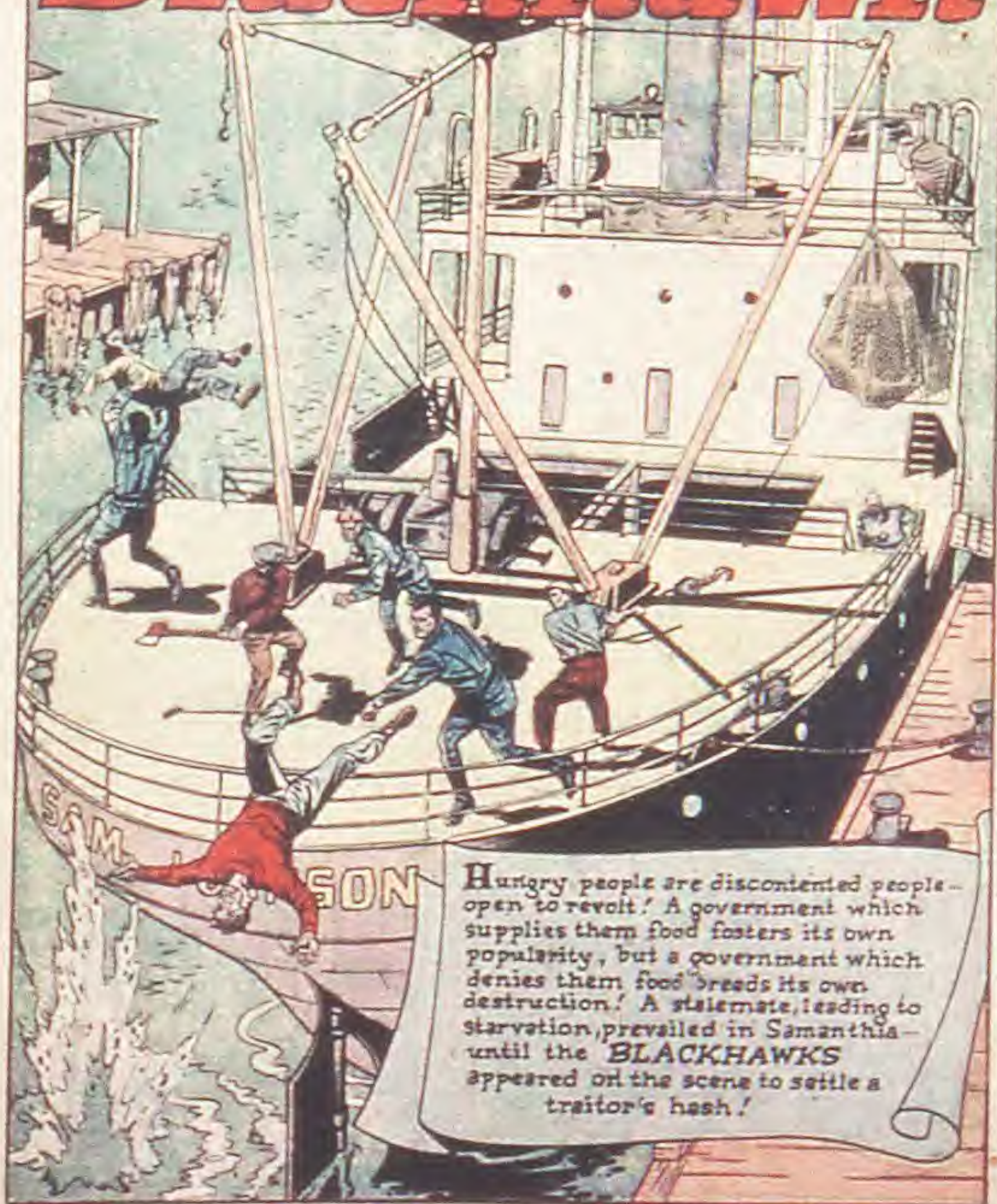
deals out
**A DIET OF
JUSTICE!**



RELIEF FOOD
PARCELS

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Blackhawk



Hungry people are discontented people—open to revolt! A government which supplies them food fosters its own popularity, but a government which denies them food breeds its own destruction! A stalemate, leading to starvation, prevailed in Samanthia—until the **BLACKHAWKS** appeared on the scene to settle a traitor's hash!

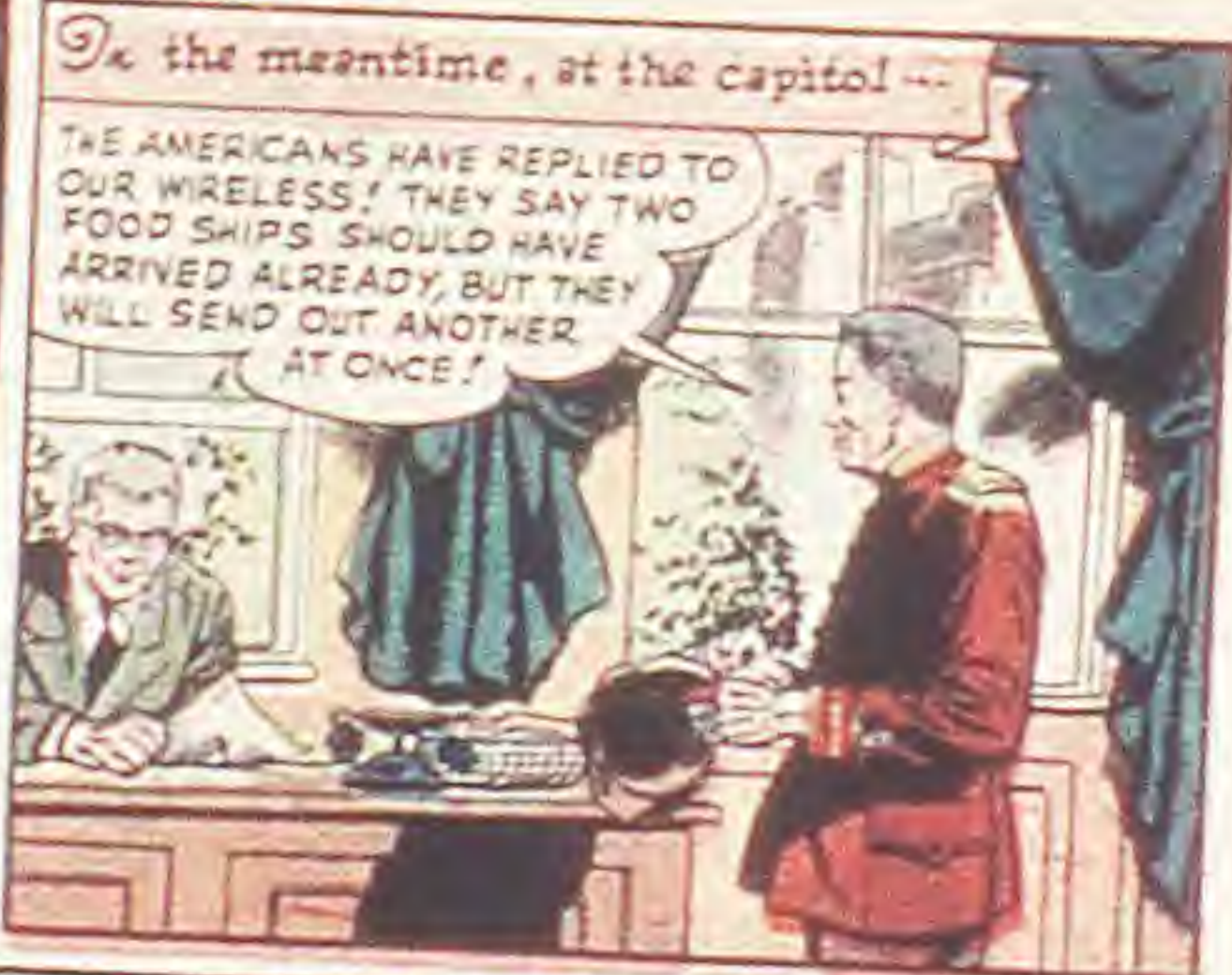


THEN, WHEN THE PEOPLE GET HUNGRY ENOUGH, THEY WILL LISTEN TO MY SPEECHES AND REVOLT!



In the meantime, at the capitol --

THE AMERICANS HAVE REPLIED TO OUR WIRELESS! THEY SAY TWO FOOD SHIPS SHOULD HAVE ARRIVED ALREADY, BUT THEY WILL SEND OUT ANOTHER AT ONCE!



Next day, as the famed Blackhawk Squadron appears over Samanthaia--

THAT'S THE CAPITOL BELOW! BLACKHAWKS, PREPARE TO LAND!



Soon--

BLACKHAWK! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



AND IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY-- ANDRE, OLAF, CHUCK, HENDRICKSON, STANISLAUS AND CHOP CHOP!

OUI!

AY!

RIGHT!

JA!

HERE!

IS RIGHT!

WE ARE HERE TO ENSURE THE ARRIVAL OF THE THIRD RELIEF SHIP! RADIO CONTACT WAS LOST WITH THE FIRST TWO WHEN THEY WERE FIFTY MILES OFF SHORE, AND NOW, WE FIND THEY NEVER ARRIVED!

YES, IT'S QUITE A MYSTERY... WE WILL ALL BE GRATEFUL IF YOU CAN HELP! I WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVE FREE REIN IN THE MATTER!



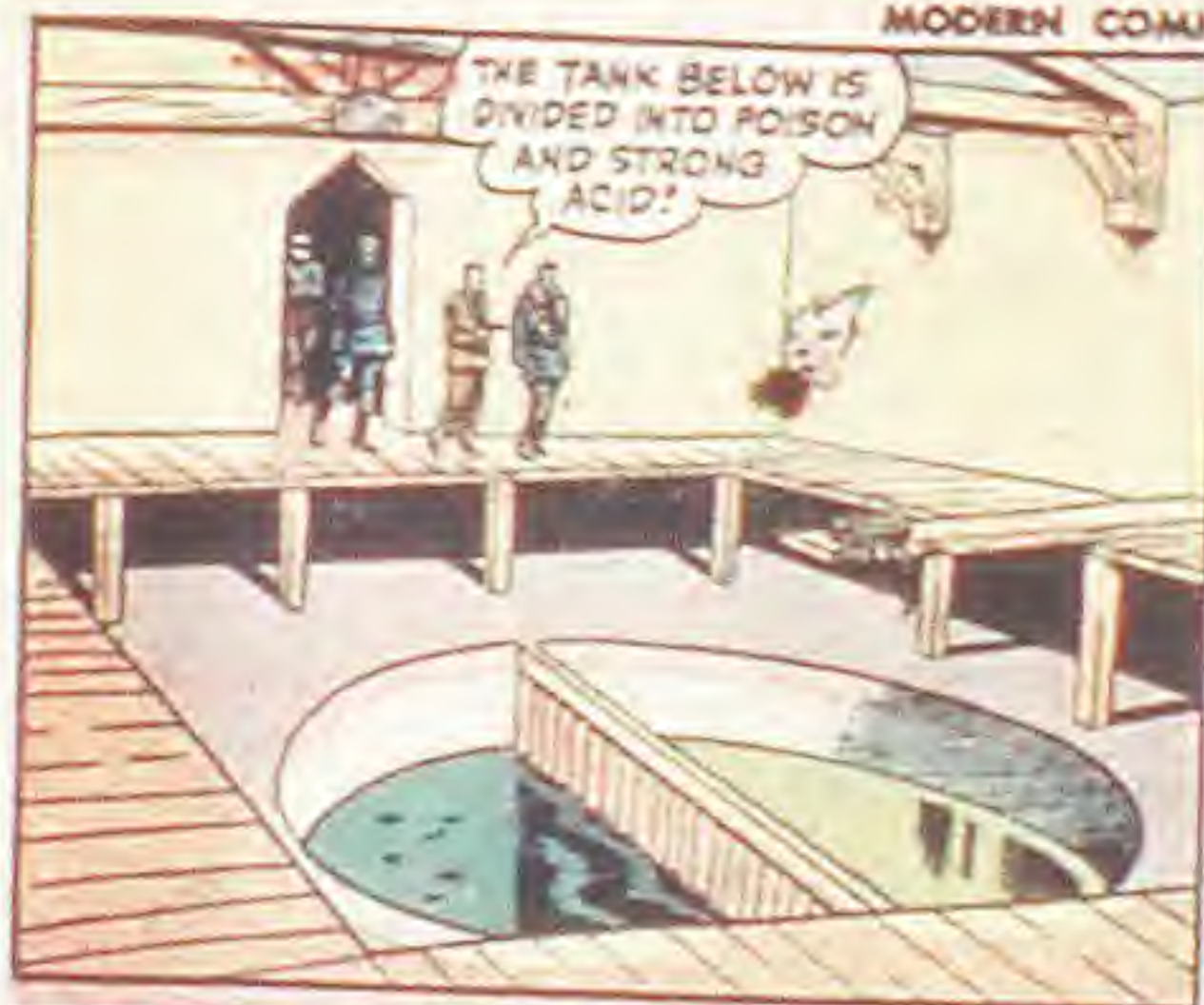




















DOGTAG













Torchy

NOW I'VE GOT TO DO ODD REPAIR JOBS TOO! JEEPERS! IS THERE ANY-THING A STEWARDESS ON THIS AIR-LINE DOESN'T HAVE TO DO?

GOSH! WHAT WONDERFUL ATTENTION THIS PLANE IS GETTING!

RICKETY AIRLINES



NOT A TICKET SOLD IN TWO WEEKS! OUR AIRLINE'S A FAILURE!

AND I KNOW THE REASON WHY! OUR STEWARDESSES AREN'T PRETTY-ENOUGH!

WHAT SORT OF GIRLS HAVE WE HAD ON OUR PLANES? SHOW-GIRLS, FASHION MODELS, BEAUTY CONTEST WINNERS!

IS THAT BAD?



BAH! CONVENTIONAL TYPES... ALL OF THEM! I'M GOING OUT AND SCOUR THE TOWN FOR A REAL BEAUTY!



I'LL HIRE HER. MAKE HER STEWARDESS ON OUR SPECIAL DE LUKE SIX-ENGINE OVERSEAS JOB! BUT FIRST I'LL PUT HER ON DISPLAY HERE FOR THE PASSENGERS!



BLONDES! REDHEADS! BRUNETTES! IN-BETWEENS! NOTHING OUTSTANDING! JOVE, BUT THIS IS A HERCULEAN TASK!



THAT'S THE GIRL! SHE'S STUNNING... RAVISHING... EXQUISITE!



A WASTE OF MONEY! BUYING ALL THESE CLOTHES. I ASSURE YOU!



HUH?

SO YOU SPEND LOTS OF MONEY FOR BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES! THEN YOU START ON A ROUND OF DINNER PLACES AND NIGHT CLUBS TO SHOW THEM OFF!



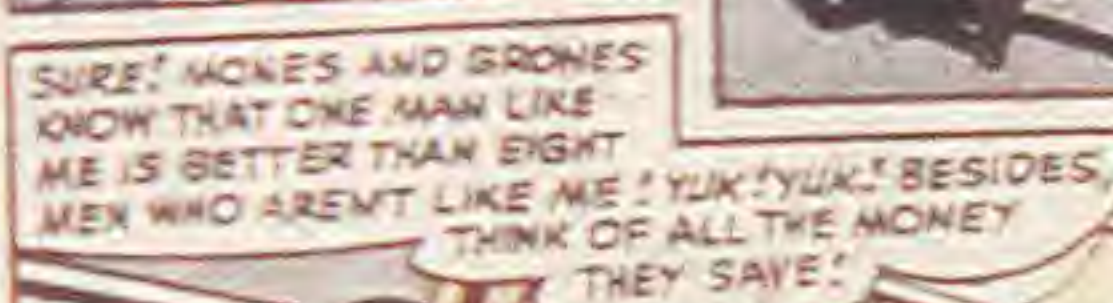
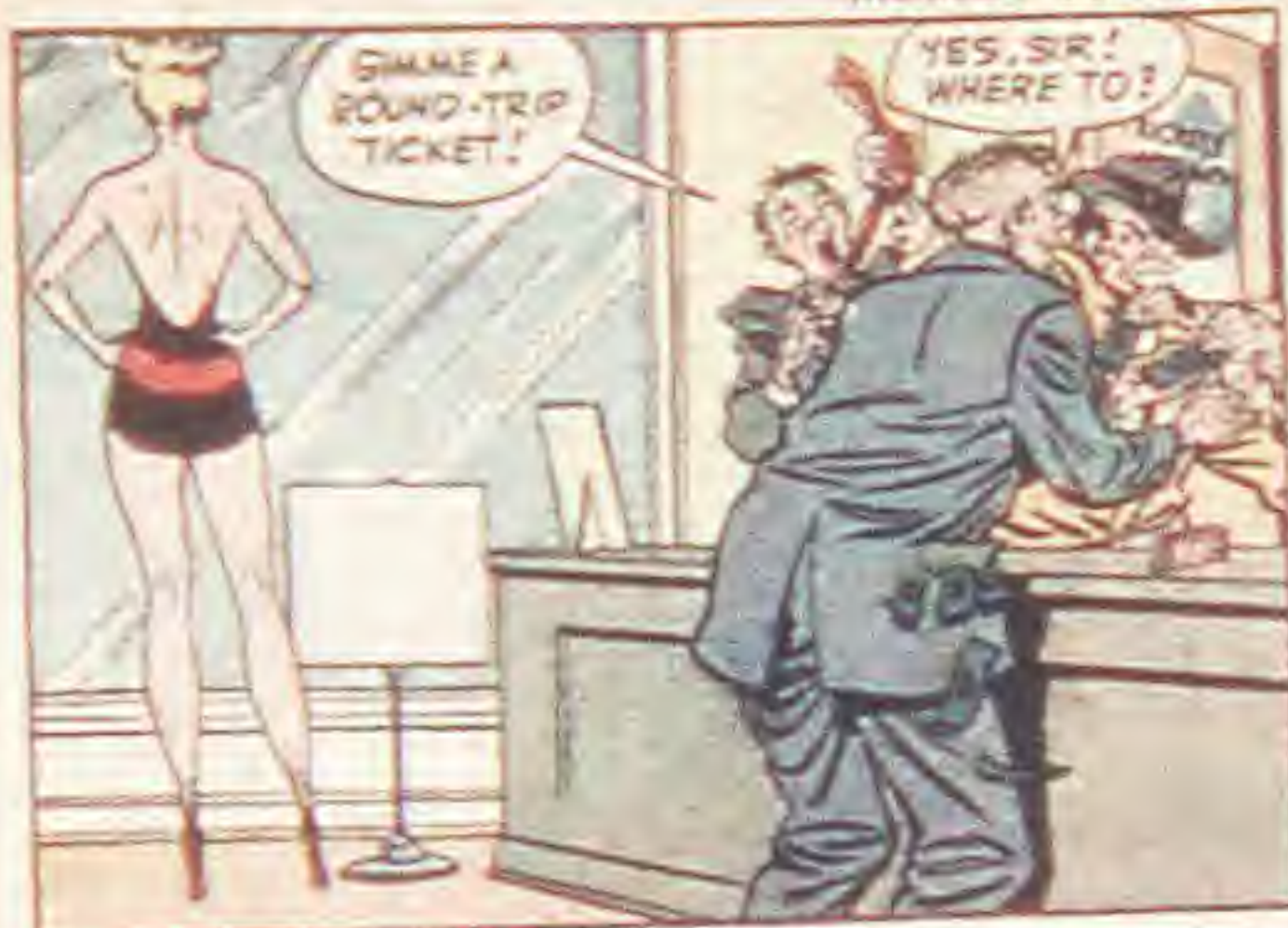
IT SOUNDS FINE TO ME!



BAH! THINK OF THE DEADLY MONOTONY OF IT! THE WASTE OF MONEY AND ENERGY TO DO THE SAME THING OVER AND OVER AGAIN!

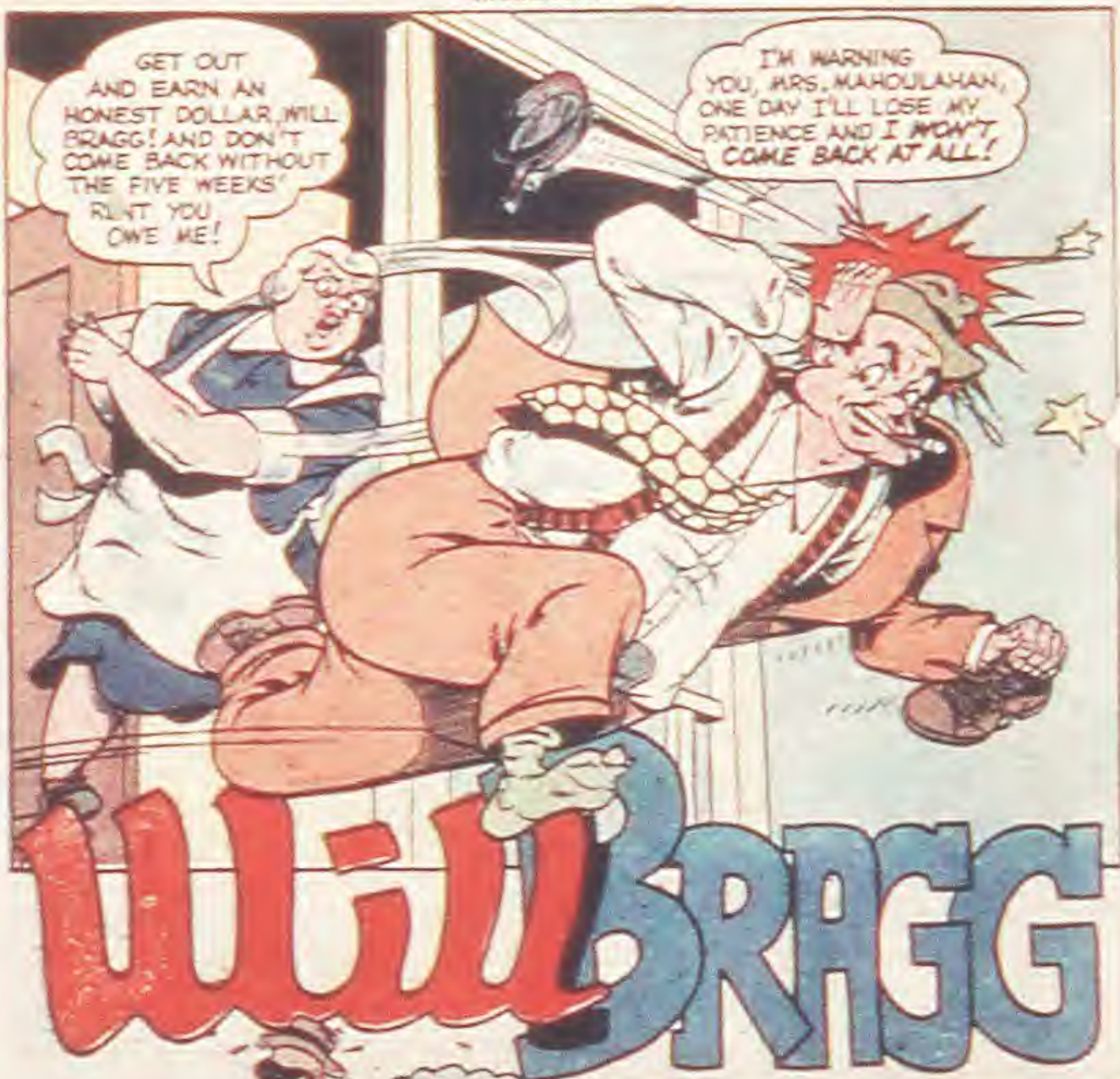














JUST ADD IT TO
MY BILL, OLD
MAN!

SORRY, WILL! AS OF TODAY, YOUR
ACCOUNT GOES ON A CASH BASIS!



I DON'T HAVE TO STAY
HERE TO BE INSULTED!
I'LL TAKE MY TRADE
ELSEWHERE!

DON'T FORGET
YOUR MUG,
WILL!



JUST A MINUTE! I'LL
BE PROUD TO ADVANCE
THIS GENTLEMAN
THE PRICE OF
A SHAVE!

THAT'S VERY KIND OF
YOU! UNDERSTAND OF
COURSE, THIS TRIFLING
AMOUNT IS JUST A
LOAN, MR... ER... MR...

HONEST
JOHN SHARPE'S
THE NAME! I...
ER... CAN SEE
YOU'RE NOT A
MAN TO BE
CONCERNED
WITH TRIFLES!



CORRECT!
IN HIS PRIME,
WILL BRAGG WAS
FINANCIAL ADVISER
TO SOME OF THE
BIGGEST TYCOONS
IN THE COUNTRY!



MR. BRAGG, SOMETHING TELLS
ME YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I'VE
BEEN LOOKING FOR!
NOW, I HAVE A
LITTLE BUSINESS
DEAL...

MR. SHARPE,
YOU'RE
ON!



A few days later...

THE LAST TIME
I TOOK A FLYER ON
OIL WAS BACK IN
1911! I SAID TO
MY PARTNER,
"JOHN D., "I
SAID...



GUESS
WHO, YOU
GREAT BIG
CAPTAIN OF
INDUSTRY!

GROAN!
EFFY! A MAN
IN MY POSITION
HAS TO BE
CAREFUL OF
HIS DIGNITY!





At Honest John's hideout...





FUZZY



EZRA









Index

WERE ALMOST READY FOR
BUSINESS. EZ. THIS OUGHTA
PACK EM IN.

SEE YOUR TOWN'S
FIRE-FIGHTING
PAST!

ADMISSION FREE
WITH PURCHASE
OF TICKETS TO
FIREMEN'S BALL

GEE, IT BETTER BE
A SUCCESS. I SUNK
ALL THE DOUGH I HAD
LEFT IN IT.

BANISH YOUR
BLUES, PAL! HERE
COME THE
CUSTOMERS
NOW!

GET YOUR DOLLARS READY,
FOLKS, AND STEP INSIDE!

2017

WO-000!

SEE YOUR TOWN'S
FIRE-FIGHTING
PAST!

HEY! FIRE ENGINES!
THERE'S A BLAZE DOWN
THE STREET!

LET'S GO!
IT'S A
SCORCHER!

WAIT
FOR
ME!

OF ALL THE LUCK!
NOW I'M REALLY
SUNK!

EIRA...
THE FIRE...
LOOK!

OMIGOSH! IT'S MYRNA AND SHE'S TRAPPED!
I'VE GOTTA HELP!





YOU SAVED NOTHING! THAT WAS ONLY A FIRE DRILL FOR FIRE PREVENTION WEEK! MY MEN WERE SUPPOSED TO STAGE THE MOCK RESCUE!



BUT I THOUGHT I WAS REALLY RESCUING MYRNA!

WELL DONE, MY BOY!



MR. MAYOR!

WHAT COULD BE MORE FITTING THAN TO HAVE THE RESCUE MADE BY ONE OF THE STURDY LADS OF THIS TOWN!



—AND SO, AS A TRIBUTE TO OUR WELL-PREPARED YOUTH, I NAME EZRA JONES KING OF THE FIREMEN'S BALL!

WOWIE! KING OF THE...

YES, AND I'M YOUR QUEEN, EZRA! ROYALTY HAS TO STICK TOGETHER!



GLAD YOU SOLD ME THOSE TICKETS, DILSBURY—I SURE WANT TO BE AT THE BALL TO SEE SUCH A FINE KING AND QUEEN!

SOLD THOSE TICKETS, EH! I'LL FIX THAT SON OF MINE!



BUT MOTHER—

YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE GIVING THOSE TICKETS AWAY! INSTEAD, YOU SOLD THEM AND KEPT THE MONEY! WELL, NO FIREMEN'S BALL FOR YOU, YOUNG MAN! YOU'LL STAY RIGHT AT HOME THAT NIGHT!



YESSIRREE! EVERYTHING'S TOPS NOW! WE'RE A ROYAL COUPLE, ALL RIGHT!

AND DON'T FORGET ME! I'LL MAKE A SWELL COURT JESTER!

Jet-Propelled Puzzle

THE Blackhawks walked down the assembly line of the Imperial Aircraft Company, where hundreds of partially completed planes glistened under the brilliant overhead lights. "Quite a setup you have here, Mr. Owens," Blackhawk said, inspecting a slim-fuselaged fighter with wafer-thin wings. "From the blueprints and the design," he continued, "this ship should make all other jet fighters obsolete."

Mr. Owens shook his head and smiled ruefully. "That's what we thought," he said, "and the Air Force thought so too. The preliminary tests confirmed our new theory in aerodynamics, but as you see, our assembly line is at a standstill."

"Wat is der trouble?" Hendrickson asked. "Der ship is der best I haff seen. Outside of de Blackhawk's ships," he added hastily.

"We don't know," Mr. Owens replied. "We started final tests last week, upon completion of two models for Air Force acceptance checks, and there have been nothing but accidents. Out of ten ships we have only two left. One is up right now with Bill Carlson, our best pilot."

"I'm at a loss to explain it, Blackhawk," he continued. "I'm hoping, with your experience in working the bugs out of new designs, you can help us. Our own engineers are baffled."

"We can't overlook any bets," Blackhawk replied. "Probably the answer is faulty design of some small part, but we'll cover all angles."

The Blackhawks had already started on their assigned tasks, when the wail of the crash siren regrouped them. They raced out on the ramp to see the new fighter careening wildly over the field, its right wing ablaze. In a breathless moment a tiny figure left the ship and, shortly, a parachute opened.

The Blackhawks were under the pilot as he neared the ground, Blackhawk cutting him from the shroud lines as he landed. The leader of the famous group laid him gently on the ground, his face set in harsh lines. "He's been badly burned trying to save the ship," Black-

hawk said grimly. "If this was sabotage someone will pay for it. Bill Carlson is the best test pilot there is."

As the ambulance crew picked up the injured airman, Blackhawk turned to his companions. "I want everyone except Andre to guard the other ship in the hangar and examine it for possible flaws. That ship," he said, gesturing toward the smoldering ruins at the field boundaries, "is too badly destroyed for us to learn the cause of failure. I'm continuing with my original plans."

Late that evening the Blackhawks held a council near the last available model of the XF-102. The sleek ship glittered under the hangar lights as they checked and rechecked the construction details against the blueprints.

"It looks O.K. to me," Chuck said wearily. "I've gone over those radio circuits until I can't see straight."

"Same here," Stanislaus agreed. "The only thing I've noticed is that they have substituted a different type of fuel gauge for the one on the prints. It seems to work satisfactorily."

"Let me take a look at it," Blackhawk suggested. "Mr. Owens didn't mention that I'll check with him." The two men clambered to the wing of the ship and removed the inspection plate. With the aid of a pocket flash, Blackhawk managed to see the part in question. He reached into the tank and wrench-ed the float from its mounting. "I'll have to trust to luck on the fuel quantity when I test the ship tomorrow," he said, examining the small glass tube in his hand. "Before we turn in for the evening I'd like to see you, Chuck."

"You are testing ze ship yourself?" Andre asked. "After ze trouble zese ships have given, maybe you better let one of us do it."

"No," Blackhawk said, "the Air Force inspectors will be here in the morning, expecting a good show, and I intend to give it to them. Besides," he added, "I have a lot of work for you other Blackhawks on the ground, while I'm putting the plane through its paces."

The next morning, as soon as the early mist had cleared from the runways, Blackhawk

climbed into the speedy XF-102 as the uniformed Air Force officials looked on. They had already inspected the little fighter and had passed on the plane's construction features and the preliminary ground tests.

The tiny fighter took off under Blackhawk's experienced hand and climbed smoothly. "You may dispense with the low-level tests," one of the officers said over the tower radio. "We are most interested in its high-level performance."

"Roger." Blackhawk's voice crackled cheerfully over the loudspeaker.

Andre slipped into the tower and watched intently as the fighter climbed. "Where are the rest of the Blackhawks?" Mr. Owens asked. "I should think they would want to see this test."

"They are watching," Andre said mysteriously, "but for something else."

"Seventy thousand feet," came Blackhawk's voice, "and still climbing. Controls reacting satisfactorily."

"That's a new record," a be-medaled colonel gasped. "This will be the biggest thing for the Air Force since the invention of jet engines."

At that moment the door of the control tower burst open violently and a disheveled Chuck shouted to Andre, "We caught them just like Blackhawk said we might. They were using ultra-high radio frequencies."

"What's the meaning of this?" a general asked angrily. "Oh," he said, seeing Chuck's uniform, "it's another of the Blackhawks. We'll investigate your discovery as soon as this test is over. Nothing right now could be more important than this."

The ship spiraled gracefully into view and

came in for a smooth landing. The officials were on the ramp when the plane taxied in, waiting to congratulate Blackhawk on his epoch-making flight. "We'll study the camera record of your trip," the colonel said, "but I am certain that our report will be most favorable. This ship outclasses by a wide margin any other jet fighter we've seen."

Later in Mr. Owens' office Blackhawk handed him a small glass tube he had taken from the experimental model of the XF-102. "You will need this to complete your case against the two men the Blackhawks captured," he said. "You'll find it is an electronic fuse on the order of the anti-aircraft proximity fuse used in the last war. The only difference is that a certain very high frequency caused the explosive charge sealed in it to ignite the fuel."

"But Blackhawk," Mr. Owens protested, "how could they install it when we were most careful to guard the plane?"

"The men whom we captured," Blackhawk answered, "did their dirty work before you thought it necessary to put a guard on the plane. They obtained jobs on your assembly line and merely added their booby trap to the plane in a place which was difficult to inspect."

"But why?" Owens asked.

"They were fanatical members of a subversive organization. They hoped they could keep our Air Force from obtaining a ship that would enable us to keep first place in air power. Later they hoped either to steal the plans or buy your bankrupt company to obtain control of them."

"I'm certainly glad," Mr. Owens said thankfully, "that we have men like the Black-hawks on our side to insure our security."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1936
AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1907, AND JULY 3, 1946 (26 U.S.C. 220)

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Edward M. Arnold, Lewis Point, Oak Brook, Ill.; Editor, George E. Bremer, 25 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, John, Business Manager, Edward M. Arnold, Lewis Point, Oak Brook, Ill.

2. The owner of the vessel must be a corporation for vessel and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of shareholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, the name and address, as well as name of each individual partner must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lake Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Charles C. Arnold, Lake Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Oscar Magidson, Inc., 575 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. The power transmission, navigation, and other service lines existing or being planned or built or under construction of power, navigation or other service are. Of these are none, as such, listed.

1. The two paragraphs just above, giving the names of the owners, shareholders, and security holders, if any, include not only the list of stock holders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company in trust or in any other capacity related to the issue of the series of securities he whose name appears is added. To show, also that the said two paragraphs include knowingly entering aliases and aliases and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, bond purchasers and otherwise in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affidavit has been made in belief that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as is stated in this

EVERETT M. ARNOLD
FBI

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd Day of September, 1906.
JOHN F. KILGUSSEY, Notary Public for the County of Lewis, Mo.

Choo Choo

PSS-SST!
CHOO CHOO, QUIT
EATING! THE HERO'S
NOT SUPPOSED TO
COME ON UNTIL
YOU'RE THROUGH
EATING!

I KNOW,
CHERRY, BUT I
HEARD THE
PRODUCER SAY HE'S
CLOSING THE SHOW
AFTER THIS PERFORM-
ANCE AND I DON'T
KNOW WHEN I'LL BE
EATING AGAIN!



WHAT A HEAVENLY
ACTOR SIR FRISBY
CURD IS!

AND PAMELA FROBISHER
IS MAGNIFICENT! NOW I
KNOW WHY THEY'RE THE
THEATRE'S OUTSTANDING
ACTING TEAM!



THAT'S ALL, CHOO CHOO! THE
PLAY'S OVER! LET'S GO
HOME!

I CAN'T, CHERRY! I
SIMPLY MUST ASK SIR
FRISBY TO GIVE ME
ACTING LESSONS!











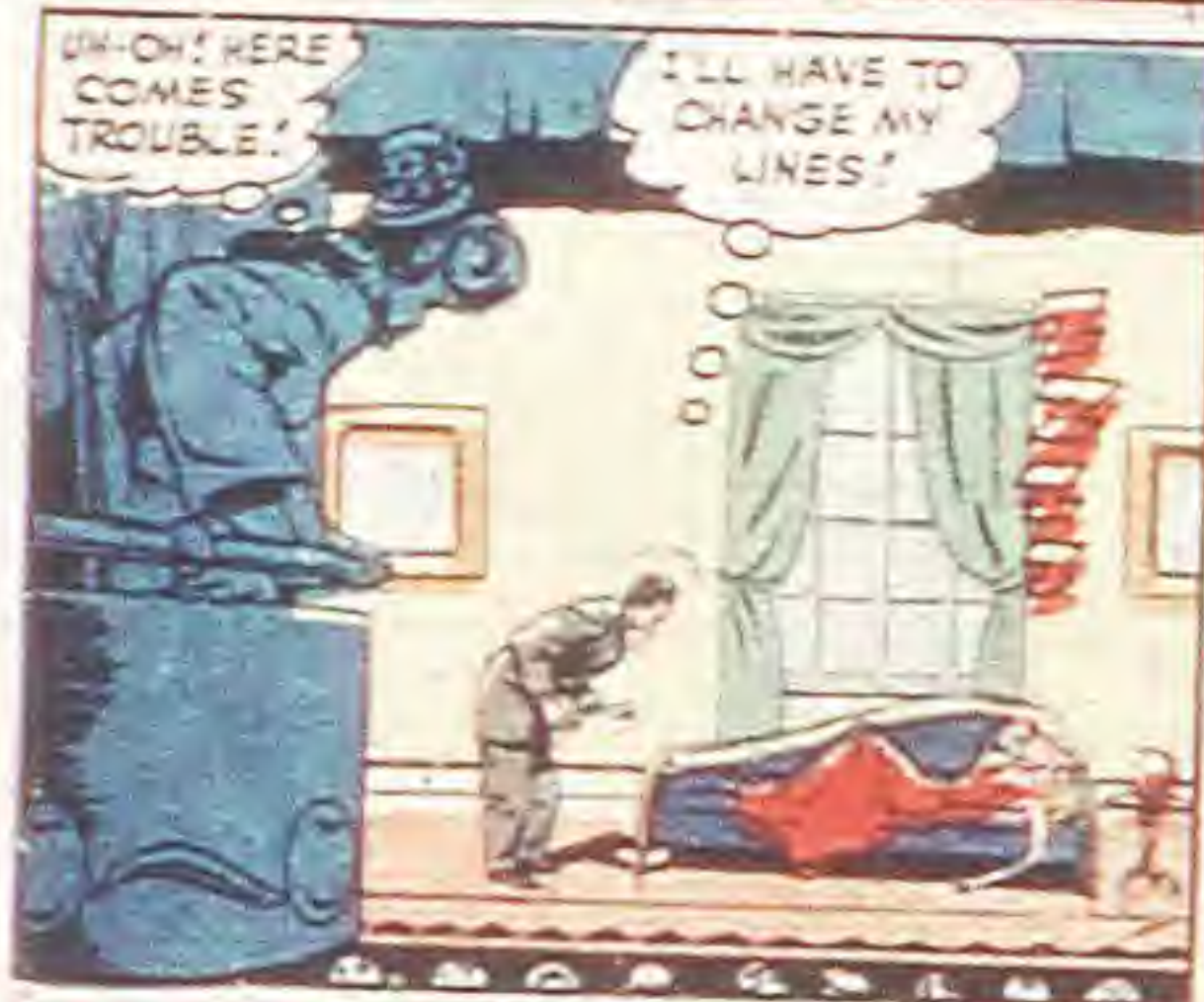
AW... ONLY MINUTES MORE BEFORE MY BELOVED ARRIVES!



GOSH, I DIDN'T KNOW HOW SLEEPY I WAS UNTIL I LAY DOWN! STAYING UP ALL NIGHT LEARNING MY LINES... GOT TO KEEP AWAKE... GOT TO... BZZZ...



GLLP! WHAT'S COME OVER PAM? SHE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO GO TO SLEEP!



UH-OH! HERE COMES TROUBLE!

I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE MY LINES!



At that moment...

LUCKY WE WERE LISTENING TO THAT RADIO COLUMNIST OR I'D NEVER HAVE KNOWN THAT SOME IMPOSTOR WAS TAKING MY PLACE IN THE PLAY!

BUT WHY SHOULD YOU CARE, DARLING? YOU'VE GOT ME!



YOU'RE NO BARGAIN! BESIDES, FRISBY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT! IMAGINE PUTTING SOMEBODY ELSE IN MY PLACE RIGHT AFTER TELLING ME HE WAS HEARTBROKEN!



SHE LOOKS JUST LIKE ME!

MY LOVE... IT IS I! AWAKE!



ROPE 'EM BOTH, PARTNER!



I WILL SEND YOU BOTH FREE

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See how I give you practical experience building Radio circuits at home with BIG KITS OF PARTS I SEND. Illustrated book shows how you make EXTRA MONEY being Radio in spare time while still learning. See the kind of fascinating jobs Radio, Television, Electronics offer. FREE, with coupon below!

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How to Be a
Success
in RADIO

TELEVISION
ELECTRONICS

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH
RECEIVER SERVICING



See for yourself how I train you at home to BE A RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIAN

Do you want a part-time job in the fast-growing RADIO-TELEVISION industry? Or do you want to have your own business making Radio-Television Repairs? Here is your opportunity. I've trained hundreds of men to be Radio-Television Technicians. I'M MEN WITH NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE. My tested and proved practical method makes learning easy. You learn Radio and Television step-by-step from my illustrated lessons. You get practical Radio experience building, testing and experimenting with MANY KITS OF PARTS I SEND. AS PROMISED THIS IS FREE.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

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Think of the opportunities for the man who gets in on the ground floor of the booming Television industry. New stations are going on the air. Millions more are building over 10,000 new sets a month. More and more homes have Television—and that means millions of dollars will be spent each year on Television service. Trained Television men are already in demand; and as the industry keeps growing, the man who prepares NOW can reap rich rewards.

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I Also
Send You Many
Other RADIO KITS

I TRAINED THESE MEN

Earl Pyle Radio Merchant

"Now have two Radio shops, servicing about 50 sets a month. Right now making over \$100 per week." — EARL PYLE, STUDEY, IN. Radio, Missouri.

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National Radio Institute, Washington 5, D. C.

Mail me FREE Sample Lesson and 64-page book about how to win success in Radio and Television-Electronics. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

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VETERANS

GET THIS
TRAINING UNDER
G. I. BILL

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A New Body

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peepless? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tell all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 120-4 115 East 12th Street, New York 10, N. Y.



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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____